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LENTEN VERSE

The Central Fact in Life

BY HAROLD A. BOSLEY

THE LATE Charles Steinmetz, himself a great scientist, prophesied that the great discoveries of our generation would be made in the spiritual rather than in the scientific field. The fulfillment of this prophecy lies all about us in these trying times. Hard as it is to believe, the simple fact seems to be that the greatest discovery of our day is being made in the realm of the spirit.

Before stating and discussing the character of this spiritual discovery, we need to remind ourselves of two important differences between discoveries in the field of the spirit and those in the field of science. In the first place, scientific discoveries unearth some genuinely new item of information. But discoveries in the field of religion have usually been made by "our fathers before us." Yet this in no way prevents them from being genuine discoveries when we make them in the course of our own experience. Then, there is a second difference. Whereas scientific discoveries are the result of incisive planning and careful experimentation, religious discoveries are usually the unavoidable conclusions to which men are driven by the relentless bludgeoning of bitter fact.

There is reason to believe that we are again making the profoundest spiritual discovery open to man—a discovery which can be stated in very simple terms: *We can't get along without God.*

Now, reverently speaking, God alone knows how hard we have tried to get along without him—to go it as though we were wholly on our own in this business of living. Many if not most of our writers (those brilliant as well as those merely bright) have enjoyed a good many laughs at the expense of the faith of our fathers. As we read their pronouncements we get a clear idea of the difference between their approach to life and any hitherto advocated by serious religion.

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Whereas our religious forefathers felt that they were commissioned "to work out their own salvation in fear and trembling" before God, many of our literary mentors have assured us that we are the masters of our fate and the captains of our souls. Whereas our pious Puritanical ancestors confronted grave difficulties with the phrase which Edmund Gosse heard his parents use when they were confronting a grave problem, "Let us cast it before the Lord," many of our literary pathfinders have advocated an entirely different technique. They have tried to persuade us that the greatest problem of life will yield to a gay spirit and hard work. Yet if these should fail to resolve the difficulty, one can always take refuge behind the cynical smile which insinuates, "Oh, what's the use anyway?"

Many of us have matured in an age of skepticism in which we were led to believe that what we think about God is a marginal matter—an intellectual luxury, if you please. And our plight is all too poignantly expressed by one of the characters in Howard Spring's novel, *My Son, My Son.* Someone had alluded to the biblical story of God intervening to save Isaac from the sacrificial knife of his father, Abraham. Then Maeve says: "Good old God! Can you see him intervening today? I can't!" And there the matter was left. And there it remained for most of us until almost yesterday: God—good but useless; God—all right for an earlier day, perhaps, but with little or no relevance to the age in which we live.

IN WAR'S AFTERMATH

Skepticism like this took fast hold of the Western world following the First World War. As one disillusioned German writer puts it, "The benevolent Father God of pre-war Europe was the first fatality of that conflict." Let us face once and for all the inevitable fact that war is the complete inversion of the values by which we live in time of peace. We know now that it takes longer than one generation to recover from the spiritually devastating experience of saying—and trying to believe—that white is black; then, in a few short years saying—and trying to believe—that black is white. It is of tremendous importance for us to realize that skepticism has always been much more than an intellectual fad. It was the inescapable aftermath of that titanic conflict, and follows such conflicts as the night follows the day.

This skepticism took the terribly practical form of an almost complete loss of confidence in one another—with the result that our fears rather than our faith became the grim determiners of human destiny. These fears were so real and widespread that they defeated every serious attempt to rebuild the shattered structure of Western civilization. Dr. C. J. Hambro, premier of the late Norwegian government, was in 1935 Norwegian delegate to the League of Nations. In that year he wrote, "Here in Geneva we have every fear but the fear of God." I submit his insight to you as our most profound explanation of why the league failed. You have heard historians indicate the two or three crucial problems which the league failed to handle and because of which its influence disappeared. What they say is doubtless both important and true. But the fundamental fact remains that what killed the League of Nations was the atmosphere of distrust in which it tried to work. Fear of and for markets and industries; fear of and for the rights of minority groups; fear for political office and prestige; fear of other nations (always taking them at their worst and thus encouraging the worst elements in them)—it was in this atmosphere that the league suffocated in its attempt to create world peace.

MAN MUST BELIEVE IN SOMETHING

But before our very eyes the hold of skepticism has been broken, for better or for worse. Slowly but surely we have been driven to the conclusion that *men will believe in Something as ultimate.* We are being forced to realize that the very exigencies of daily living require an explicit or implicit faith in Something as ultimate. Something worth living for, Something worth dying for, is the indispensable prerequisite of vital and purposive living.

The complete collapse of skepticism is itself the most eloquent evidence of our spiritual discovery that we need a God of some sort or other. So great is our need that Lewis Mumford leaves his serious and unusually reliable social studies to write what Erwin Edman calls the "first major casualty of the war in American literature." Mr. Mumford entitles his startled and startling work *Faith for Living.* Believing that traditional religion cannot furnish this faith, he hastily puts together the outline of what he regards as "Faith for Living." I do not propose to criticize his suggestion. I want simply to rivet our attention to the fact that he feels called upon to make it.

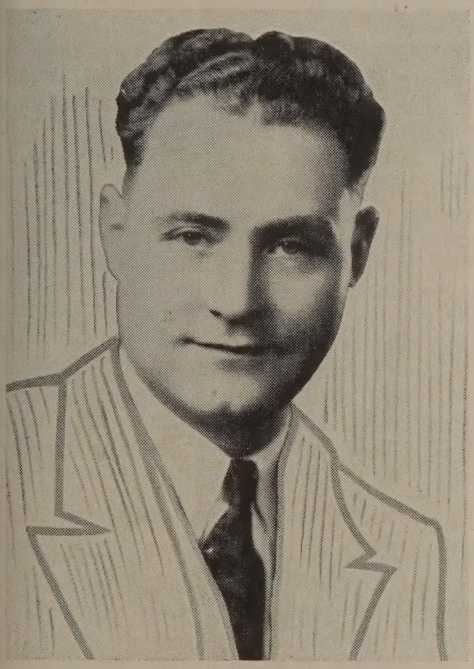
Nor does Lewis Mumford stand alone in this point of view. On all sides cynics are becoming crusaders. No longer are they Pontius Pilate asking, "What is truth?" Rather are they Peter the Hermit riding the ether waves and flooding the news columns with their cry, *"Deus vult."* Archibald MacLeish makes a collective confession of sin for his generation of writers whose disillusionment and cynicism, he feels, have undermined our faith in the democratic way of life. He therefore calls upon our writers to redeem themselves by relating their ideas and emotions to action in terms of the present crisis. The tragedy of recent world events has transformed men like Ernest Hemingway and Robert Sherwood beyond recognition. Once—only yesterday, it seems—life to them was a great question mark. Now it is an exclamation point. It is no longer a query but a challenge.

SKEPTICISM AND WAR

If you would discover this for yourself, devote an evening sometime to reading two of Robert Sherwood's plays, "Idiot's Delight" and "There Shall Be No Night." Be sure to read them in connection with his recently published account of the spiritual pilgrimage which led him from one position to the other. It's a "long, long trail a-winding" from disillusion to debacle. "Idiot's Delight" is an unforgettable etching of the inability of any of the great creative loyalties of

le to weather the passion, the greed and the storm of war. Sherwood had no answer to this tragedy. He simply noted the fact with poignant regret. The second play, "There Shall Be No Night," pictures the agonized struggle of a sensitive spirit that feels forced by world events into decision for war. He is persuaded that this war is forced upon him by his fidelity to those very loyalties that were wrecked by war in the earlier play.

Robert Sherwood is an apt symbol of the tendency of so many of our intellectual leaders today. Wherever we look they are raising banners and chanting slogans. All pretense of objectivity is engulfed in ringing chal-



HAROLD A. BOSLEY

enge to strong belief and violent action. I repeat, it is not my present intention to undertake a careful criticism of the ultimates to which they give their loyalty. It is sufficient for our purpose to underline the simple fact that skepticism has been forsaken by its prodigies.

Skepticism has likewise broken down with thoroughly disastrous results in the broad range of international affairs. Let us give the devil his just dues! Skepticism can and does clear the way for war by undermining our belief in and loyalty to universal values. By doubting the universal character of truth, beauty, goodness and love, skepticism clears the way for some fraction of mankind to lay claim to these values as though they were their own by birth and belonged to no one else in like measure. In fact, the skeptic can be defined as one who is so busy supervising the departure of the One God that he fails to notice the half-gods who sneak in and lay claim to the throne. But the skeptic no sooner discovers them than he discovers that they want none of him. They demand a fierce, unwavering loyalty to their cause. So far as they are concerned, all life becomes a votive offering on their altar. And in these dark days altars are being erected to them "on every high hill and under every green tree" the world over.

In simple fact, it could not be otherwise. There is no place for skepticism in mortal combat. It has been demonstrated over and over again that you cannot wage a war without the irreplaceable strength of at least a quasi-religion. A really great war must be regarded as a holy war before you can get men to live and give sacrificially for its prosecution. *Skepticism, therefore, is distinguished by its ability to produce, but its utter inability to wage a war.*

COLLECTIVE CONCERN AND PEACE

And let it be underlined for emphasis—skepticism is utterly helpless in the presence of the problem of achieving a lasting peace. Nothing less than an essentially religious conversion of attitude can assist us in the achievement of this forlorn hope. Let Aldous Huxley, who after a sojourn in the wilderness of skepticism has recently emerged with a vital religious faith that is peculiarly his own, suggest what we need in order to secure social stability. He writes: "If you don't care for men, you can't possibly understand them; all your acuteness will be another form of stupidity." Ponder these prophetic words, you planners of a new world, who talk in terms of collective security as though it were largely a matter of international law and an adequate international police force! *Collective security begins as collective concern.* You cannot, you will not, be interested in securing the rights of someone about whose interest and welfare you are neither informed nor deeply concerned. Or, in the venerable language of the Christian faith, brotherhood, trust and love are the only unshakable guarantees of enduring harmony known to man. And it goes without saying that there is no place in these fundamental, ethical attitudes for skepticism. Faith in man and faith in God are essential if peace is ever to be achieved.

These are indescribably difficult and anxious days for men and women who profess the Christian faith. The world is openly acknowledging in word and deed the collapse of its faith in itself and is seeking a faith in something other than itself. I cannot recall a more auspicious time for the immediate and incessant proclamation of the essential Christian faith. We must proclaim with every power at our disposal the central fact in life as viewed by the Christian religion. That central fact is *the reality of the One, Universal God, the Father of us all, most clearly revealed in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.*

THE GOD OF LOVE A GOD OF STRENGTH

When I say "Jesus Christ," I am not using the words in any magical sense. I mean the man who confronted Pilate in the little courtyard in Jerusalem nearly two thousand years ago. You will search the literature of history in vain for a greater contrast between two men than is revealed in these two. Pilate was motivated by the fear of what the Jews were saying and doing, by the fear of what Caesar might think

and do about his decision. Jesus was sustained by faith in God, and by that alone. Gone were the quiet walks through Galilee, the land that he loved. At an end were the long discussions with his disciples about the essentials of their faith. The time for faith incarnate, for sheer faith, was at hand. Thank God he measured up! I submit to you that the God of history has rendered a decisive verdict in the age-old yet ever contemporary conflict between men of fear and men of faith in the living God. I submit that it is a fact capable of experimental validation—if we have the courage and the love to try it—that the God of love is a God of strength to one who would be a living witness to him.

Let us, then, present God to ourselves and to the world as that Fact and Factor in existence about whose reality there can no longer be any significant dispute. Let us approach him as the Judge of all the earth, whose judgments are issued in justice and mercy. Let us hail him as the Creator, Sustainer and Redeemer of life. Let us work with him as Comrade and call him Friend in time of trouble, our Strength in crisis. When we feel beaten—as we shall many times—let us, like George Tyrell, take new comfort and strength from the vision of "that strange Man hanging on the cross." For it is true now as it was true then: "In him was life and the life was the light of men."

If the Worst Happens!

WE HAVE OURSELVES—those inner resources of the inner life which can no more fail the heart of man than fountains fail the wilderness! No man can be a slave who does not inwardly consent to be a slave. No man is in prison whose soul is free. Yes, we have ourselves. "You can bind my body," said Epictetus to his master, "but you cannot bind my soul."

Secondly, we have one another—those comrades of the spirit, visible and invisible, whom we possess as the objects of our love! Closer to us than breathing are our husbands and wives and children, whose mere presence is comfort for every ill. Nearer than hands and feet are the friends who would lay down their lives for us as we for them.

Lastly, we have God, the living spirit of all truth, and righteousness, and peace! God as an idea may be difficult to apprehend, but not as a presence to be felt and known. This universe is a living universe. It has purposes, produces values, attains goals. It flowers in human personalities, and as conscience, intellect, and moral vision reveals the essence of its being. The universe, in other words, is not blind but conscious, not flung about by chance but directed by ends and aims, not heedless but heedful of the right. When we strive for good, therefore, the good is with us. And what is this good but God who will not because he cannot fail? Whatever the disasters of this time, we refuse to believe that God is going to be beaten. "If God is for us, who can be against us?" Not Hitler, any more than Attila or Genghis Khan!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Return to Religion

BY HOWARD A. VERNON

O Israel, return unto Jehovah thy God, for thou has fallen by thine iniquity." Hosea 14:1.

I WANT to report this morning on what is happening in the field of religion. For a long time the world has been clamorous with voices of despair, and the church has been a favorite target for these prophets of gloom. The death of the church has been the excellent theme of its foes, and the tragic lament of its timid friends. And in more recent times these voices of despair have turned from the church to religion itself. The whole movement, we are told, is a mordant and decaying force in the Western world; it is being pushed back by the oncoming movements of new thought, new philosophies, new social ideals—movements that sweep along over the earth with a zeal and intensity such as we have not seen in many a long year.

Now, thank God, a very marked change is coming over the world. Jutting up through the sea of our sordid life, like the peaks of some sunk continent, we see not only the signs of the permanency of religion but signs of a revival of its power and influence in the hearts of men. And when I stand here and make that statement today, I am not speaking simply out of a wish psychology, but in strong assurance rooted deep in what I see and hear and read almost every day.

NEW 'SIGNS OF THE TIMES'

Sometimes, in the open, you lift up a moistened finger to find out which way the wind is blowing, and the minister of the church would be remiss in his duty if he did not understand the currents of his own time and the direction in which they are moving. It was Jesus who upbraided the churchmen of his own day because they were unable to read the signs of the times. They could forecast the weather, but they could not forecast the trend of moral and spiritual forces. Today, back of all the lurid lights that flash and behind all of the voices that urge us to more hatred and more slaughter, we are witnessing a return to religion.

The movement is not very vocal as yet; it is not sweeping through neighborhoods with a flare of trumpets, and whatever else I may do, I do not want to overstate the facts of this situation. You must remember, however, that all great movements have small beginnings. Mighty rivers are fed by little tributaries. And very often, after the dead stillness of the night there comes a faint stirring of the wind, an almost imperceptible movement of the leaves, as if the world were waking up again. That phenomenon isn't very much, but it holds the promise of a new dawn.

And so, while the evidences of a return to religion are not flaunted in capital letters, nevertheless we can be sure that all the signs point to the fact that there is still among us a core of vital religion waiting, as

fruit tree in spring will wait for weeks, all set with blossom, for a day warm enough to blow in—a day when it will come to blossom all at once. Religion will have its blossom time again, and one of the strongest proofs of that statement is in the fact that now, at the very moment when everything on which our civilization has through the centuries been patiently builded seems to be falling into blazing and bloody ruin, we are witnessing a return to religion.

EVIDENCES OF A RETURN TO FAITH

Let me point to some evidences of this. As far back as five years ago Professor Link wrote his book, *The Return to Religion.* And thousands read it. I can remember even yet how many people, on my voyage back from England in 1936, were sitting in their deck chairs reading, not Sherlock Holmes, and not any of the realistic fiction of our time—no, they were reading *The Return to Religion.* People from every level of life, with all sorts of creeds and with no creed at all, were asking one another, "Have you read *The Return to Religion?*" Professor Link is a man, scholarly and influential, who returned to religion after years of being away from it.

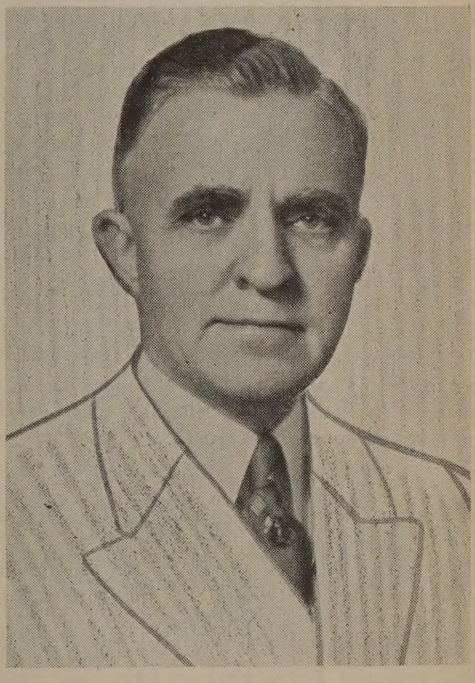
But what is equally significant is the fact that a great many intellectual people in recent months have been following in Professor Link's footsteps: they have returned to religion. In the *Atlantic Monthly* of last November Canon Bernard Iddings Bell had a very interesting article under the caption, "Those Who Come back." He speaks of this significant trend and gives us the names of many prominent people who have returned, among them the following: Alfred Noyes, Middleton Murray, T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Sayers, Elliot Coleman, Ross Hoffman, Arnold Lunn, Gilbert Chesterton, Henry A. Wallace, William Orton, Paul Elmer Moore, Sheila Kay Smith, Ralph Adams Cram, Heywood Broun.

In addition to these distinguished names, Canon Bell mentioned thirty-one persons in a great American university—people whom he has come to know—all of whom have journeyed all the way from a lack of interest in religion, and from an advertised unbelief in religion, to a faith and practice as definite and devout as that of any good Christian you ever knew. Canon Bell pursued his investigation further and discovered in another university twenty-nine on the faculty who had returned to religion. In another college there were almost as many. In a leading college for women there were at least ten faculty members who had journeyed back to the Christian faith.

RELIGION AND DAILY LIFE

With this movement on the part of intellectuals back to religion, one must include the very large number of everyday, practical people—men of affairs, women with household responsibilities—who are beginning for the first time in many years to think about religion. Like the prodigal of old, they have spent all, and now their eyes are turning toward the Father's house. As I conversed with two people recently, this remark was made to me: "I am not a very religious person, but I now believe that the only hope for this world of ours is a revival of religion."

I think that if you talk with the average individual for very long, he will be saying the same thing to you. All at once it begins to dawn upon the thought of men that religion is what we need. Read your best magazines, listen to your best radio programs, listen to the pronouncements of your best statesmen, and see how large is the place devoted to religion. Even some of the plays on Broadway with a longtime run have dealt with some phase of religion. And to add a little humor to the optimistic outlook, even the Bartenders Union of Chicago elects a chaplain to lead its members in their praying!



HOWARD A. VERNON

Well, all of this means that religion is coming back into its own again. Wherever you make even casual contacts with people anywhere, in any walk of life, you discover that they have become, or are again becoming, interested in religion. And not merely in an academic sense, but with vital concern about its power and promise.

There may be various explanations for this return to religion. The fires that have been burning away so many of our underlying supports during the past twelve years have burned away also many of our false confidences. Roger Babson says that there is more religion in Wall Street today than in any other section of New York, and certainly more than in the midwestern section of the country. Why? Because Wall Street has been through the purge. The great mass of the country has not been through the purge; it has been running on anesthetics. But twelve years have stripped all of us more or less, throwing us back upon some

of the old forgotten foundations. At any rate, the prodigals are beginning to come back.

THE WORLD HAS TURNED PRODIGAL

What are the underlying drives, the urges, that seem to send people back to religion? I have already suggested one of them. The pinch of the depression, the famine of good things, the tumbling of all our high towers—all this may have served to stab us awake. Certainly it worked that way with the Prodigal Son—he began to be in want and thought of home. The world is a prodigal, God knows. Materialism has swallowed us up like Jonah's whale; but unlike Jonah's whale it does not seem inclined to give us up.

There is another factor in this return to religion. More and more it is beginning to dawn upon thoughtful men and women that nothing but religion will work. All over the earth groups of people are organizing around the belief that world peace and world security are never going to be won by might nor by power, but by the spirit of God. All the splendor of power, our technical skills, our secular knowledge, our popular amusements, our buildings, our libraries, our transportation, our science, all the triumphant march of man from his cave to his skyscraper, from his slow travel by camel-back to swift flying airplanes—everything that we have learned; all that we know about life and how to handle it; all the safeguards we have built, "reeking tube and iron shard"; all of our confidence in schools and universities; in a word our boasted civilization, brilliant with unbelievable achievements—all of it has produced *this world!*

WHAT A WORLD!

And what a world! Rotten with corruptions, festering with political cancers, red with the blood of the world's young hopefuls, shaken by the brutal feet of dictatorships bearing witness to the bankruptcy of democracy. We have everything—and nothing. We can see farther now with our telescopes, and more keenly with our microscopes; we have made ear and voice more powerful with telephone and radio; we have mechanical legs with which to speed across the miles, and wings with which to fly across the seas. And out of it all, and with it all, we have produced—this world!

And now at last the opiates are losing their power, and multitudes of people are beginning to wake up. Something is driving the truth home to us now that you cannot build up and preserve a civilization by might nor by power, but only by God's spirit. And at this moment, beneath all the crackling brilliance of our American success, there is today a pathetic wistfulness, and people are beginning to turn their eyes back to the forgotten thing—religion.

We rejoiced when Edison gave us the electric light; now we know that it does not light the way to peace. We have welcomed the machine with its tremendous power; now we know that the machine can do nothing for a diseased will. We marvel at our elevators that whisk us up to the top of an eighty-story building; now we are beginning to see that no elevator can lift us one inch nearer to God. However rich we are, we have discovered that no plentiful bank account can buy back for us our childhood prayers. The treasure chest of the world has become a box of vanities.

There is a third factor in this return to religion: many people today are frankly unhappy and broken down on the inside of their lives. Their personalities are torn apart. They are troubled by inner conflicts; driven by hungers that are never appeased; oppressed by the sense of their own incompleteness; and they have spent years trying to get themselves right on the inside, darting over here, flashing over there, buying at all the markets, sampling all the sweets that life has to offer—and nothing has worked. And now people are beginning to remember the word of Augustine: "Our souls are restless until they find rest in thee." And people are beginning to ask, "I wonder if that is true?" and they are coming back to religion hoping for salvation.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

In the fourth place, many people are returning to religion to escape "the pressure of possessions." That is Canon Bell's phrase. Many people have discovered, on looking over their lives, that the bulk of their time is devoted to material things. We are all busy designing things, manufacturing them, selling them, owning them, using them, discarding them, destroying them, repairing them, and there is little time left for doing anything else. And such a program is hardly worth the candle. We are beginning to realize that life is more than gadgets and mechanical amusements. And furthermore, we are finding out that all of this smothering plenty leaves us asking for more.

We see what it all comes to: Man cannot live by bread alone. Frantically, for a long time, we have been trying to do that, thinking mainly of bread, possessions, and we are fed up at fifteen and fagged out at forty. That program just doesn't work; it doesn't make sense. After we have piled our possessions high we find our souls strangely arid and thirsty. And now people are asking, "I wonder if God is the answer?"

Some of these people who are coming back to religion have tried every substitute that seemed to hold any promise. Why do you suppose such books as *Wake Up and Live* and *Life Begins at Forty,* and other psychological books, are so eagerly read by multitudes of people? It is because they are trying to find somebody or something that will help them to rekindle their burned-out enthusiasms, and recover their lost hopes, and build back into life again "the music and the dream." And now at the end of all their experiments, after having read books and consulted psychiatrists and taken pills, after having listened to charlatans, political and social and religious, they are returning to religion.

Finally, their return to religion is to be explained by the fact that religion itself is one of those eternal elements that can never be destroyed. It may change, but it can never die; it may be submerged for a long time, but when the floods subside it is still there. If every church on earth should be destroyed, it would

t be very long before men would be building some w church, and worshiping some new god. We are ligious, as Stanley Jones said, because we cannot lp it.

Every now and then this buried instinct for God mes up afresh, and we find the prodigal returning religion. God grant that what we see in various rts of the earth may be but the forerunner of a new wn for religion. Isn't it about time? In the old orld religion is being "blacked out." We don't want at to happen here. I take fresh hold upon my faith day, and I believe that a new day is in the making r religion and the church; and if I could multiply y voice a million-fold, to make it heard around the orld, I should strike one call, and one alone—"back religion." From 1914 to 1918 this country lent Eupe ten million dollars to fight a war which failed to d war or save the world for democracy. But that gantic loan was all in vain. That war—supposed to ave been a victorious one for the Allies—was a monrous failure. It was a calamity in terms of life and oney, far exceeding the ancient crusades.

Let us begin to invest our money and time and ergy in the only thing that ever will end war and ve democracy—namely, religion, the gospel of brotherood. I have the feeling that even we who belong to e Christian church must return to religion. Lenin f Russia poked all sorts of fun at our Christianity. le said to George Lansbury: "Go back home and conert the Christians; get a world of justice by Chrisan practice. No one wants bloodshed, but Christians aughter each other as readily as others for material ain."

Well, we want to end all that kind of stupidity, nd we are going to do it. The return to religion has nly begun, and some day it will take the kingdoms f this world and make them the kingdoms of Jesus hrist.

Men—Not Beasts

If MEN are to be men, immortal children of God, hen they must learn to act like men and not like anials. One of the distinguishing characteristics of man s that he has the power of acting upon his own nature, f guiding it and determining in large measure what it hall be. Man can choose his own ideals, and his ideals re his inspiration. By adherence to ideals high or low, nan can elevate or degrade himself.

Just here is where education plays its most important art in a democracy. There is no rational occasion oday for the war psychosis that is sweeping America. f there ever was a period when we needed an unysterical leadership, it is now. One cries out in vain—t is like the voice of one crying in the wilderness—gainst the unreasonable, even insane, fomenting of war hysteria in this country.

The best defense of democracy is in the realm of the noral and spiritual nature. Educational institutions nd churches are now faced with terrific responsibility. We must now keep alive the ideals of democracy.

DANIEL L. MARSH.

Lost Horizons

BY RALPH W. SOCKMAN

ONE of the significant heroes of British history was John Hampden. His name came to stand as a symbol of liberty in the struggle against autocracy. When he died some 300 years ago, the minister at the funeral service read the Ninetieth Psalm, which begins with the great declaration: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." But on the way back from the burial service, the soldiers are said to have made the valley ring with the singing of the Forty-third Psalm, which contains the great line: "O Lord, send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill."

And now, just as at the funeral service of John Hampden, I wish to put those two psalms together. The first is a magnificent affirmation: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." That sentence soothes us in the hour of sorrow. It turns our thoughts from that which we are losing to that which lasts. However homes may be broken by death, we have a Father's house that abides. It fortifies us to remember that other generations have gone through tragedies and found the home of their faith in God.

I am thinking particularly of the young generation which is coming out of school and college to face a world in chaos. Do they find it difficult to keep their faith in the guidance and guardianship of God? I am frank to say that they have a severer test of faith than I had to face in my youth.

DREAMS OF HALCYON DAYS

When I was a boy, I repeated without much questioning, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." I rather took God for granted even when he was not very real to me, for I heard my father say often: "This is God's country." Our manifold blessings seemed to justify the remark. Ours was a land of immeasurable resources, safe between two protecting oceans. Streams of new citizens were pouring into our ports, looking for the liberty and prosperity certain to be found here. We never worried about our national debt or our country's security. When we young fellows raised the question of "going overseas," it was only to travel for pleasure, or perhaps to enter the consular or diplomatic service of our government, or perhaps to go as a missionary of the church in the rapidly expanding crusade of the cross. We were told by our elders that we would have to strive hard to climb the ladder of success, but we were assured that there was plenty of room at the top, and no one ever thought to question that the ladder of success was securely fastened at the bottom. It was "God's country."

And it seemed pretty much God's world. Africa and large parts of Asia were looked upon as pagan, but Christendom was conquering those frontiers. As for Europe, England was the seat of an empire on whose shores the sun never set; France was the exotic paradise of the tourist; Italy was the poetic region of holy

places and holidays; while Germany was the country to which our professors went for graduate study, especially our professors of theology. It was "God's world." Oh, to be sure, there was a war now and then, here and there. When I was a boy there was a war between Russia and Japan; but it was away off yonder on an eastern stage—a kind of sporting proposition it seemed to us schoolboys, between a game little Japan and a great awkward bearish Russia. But as for any of those distant wars' endangering us, it was out of the question. And then too, peace conferences were being organized, and wars would soon be things of the past. Everything was on the up-and-up. It was "God's world."

One of our leading ministers, the late Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, reflected the confident optimism of the time in this glowing paragraph: "Laws are becoming more just, rulers humane; music is becoming sweeter and books wiser; homes are happier and the individual heart becoming at once more just and gentle. . . . For today art, industry, invention, literature, learning and government—all these are captives marching in Christ's triumphant procession up the hill of fame."

IN A WORLD OF CHAOS

Ah, yes, how bravely and hopefully men talked when I was a boy! Now almost all those horizons of hope which bounded the mind in my youth seem lost to view. The old landmarks of the spirit are submerged in a sea of social change. International law has given way to world chaos. The age of reason seems replaced by the age of treason. Although we know that wars defeat even the victors, the drift again is toward another world war. Round we go in the old vicious circles. Is all this "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing"?

A young man of my acquaintance recently expressed his bewilderment very vividly. He said: "The earliest memories I can recall are those of cutting out war pictures from the papers when I was a lad of about eight. Then," he said, "I was sent to school and college in the booming hectic 1920's, graduating from Harvard in 1929, just at the peak of prosperity. Then I, with my generation of graduates, was tossed into a depression. I have never yet lived through what you would call normal times. What I need," he went on, "is something to believe in, something to hold to." In these words my young friend put very well what thoughtful youth crave—something to believe in, something to hold to.

For this reason I desire to put the Forty-third Psalm alongside the Ninetieth Psalm and say: "O Lord, send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill." I need God's light and leading to guide me back to the confidence where I can say convincingly: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."

SEEING THE INVISIBLES

For one thing, I desire God's light and truth to lead me where I can see the Invisibles. I have lived long enough to know that I never see all the factors in any situation. For instance, I have walked through gardens with members of garden clubs. They have seen subtle distinctions of species and niceties of cultivation, which I missed entirely. Those items were visible to them but invisible to me.

I have visited museums of art with artists, and while I paused to look at the pictures I liked, they stopped before the canvases which were worth liking. They noted depths of perspective and nuances of meaning which escaped my eye. Those items were visible to them but invisible to me.

And I have to confess that I have sat in religious meetings where persons beside me were moved to depths

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of emotion, which I did not feel. For them God was in that place, but alas! he was invisible to me.

Yes, I realize that around me are whole realms of beauty and harmony and mystic emotion which I miss. Visible to some but invisible to me. I know that I am living these days in an atmosphere of low visibility. My thoughts run in a rut of recurring ideas—wars and rumors of war, ruined cities and bombed buildings. All these and their like are ever present to my thought. O Lord, lead me out to see the worlds of the gardeners and the poets, the worlds of the artists and the saints—not that I would close my eyes to the stark realities, but that I would see life in its wholeness.

As we know, what we see in our environment is largely determined by what exists in our minds. Two people go into the same town. One sees the tawdry side of Main Street with all its petty meannesses; the other sees the town as a good place to build a home for his family and a more stately mansion for his soul. It is the same town; the difference is in the mind of

the beholder. Two persons look at the Church of Christ today. One sees its denominational divisiveness and its narrow hypocrisies; the other sees its earnest seekers and its growing sense of world solidarity. It is the same church; the difference is in the mind of the beholder. That is why Milton said: "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

Do not misunderstand me. I am not pleading for any dainty, dreamy view of our dire world. Ah, no, let us look the darkest facts in the face, but let us try to see all the facts. Let us try to behold our world with the mind of Christ, remembering that Jesus was no soft emotionalist, no blind dreamer. Our Lord saw life more realistically than any other, for he viewed it from the cross. He felt the sins of the world with the sensitivity of a physician. He did not cry, Peace, Peace, when there was no peace. He did not throw a halo of sentimentality around things that were hellish. But he could see life steadily and he saw it whole. And that is the way I would see my world. "O Lord, send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me" to see the Invisibles which I have been missing.

LIFE'S IMPONDERABLES

Secondly, I need the divine light and truth to lead me to the Imponderables. There are certain factors in every situation which cannot be measured. We call them the imponderables. Take a bar of iron, for instance. We can compute quite exactly how much the bar can lift; but we cannot measure so exactly the lifting power of the person who uses the bar, for under certain conditions the same person may lift two, three or four times as much as he can under other conditions. Human strength is an imponderable. And the human equation cannot be computed in multiplication tables.

Human influence is another imponderable. Recall the occasion when a grateful woman brought a bottle of precious perfume and anointed our Lord's head and feet. The disciples standing by said: "Why this waste? This might have been sold and given to the poor." But Jesus answered: "Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work on me. . . . Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." It seems to me that Jesus was looking down the centuries and foreseeing the effects of that woman's generous deed as it would be told and retold through the years. Can anyone measure how many cold hearts her act of love has warmed? No, human influence is an imponderable.

And there are imponderables which we ought to consider in our contemporary world situation, dark as it is. When Hitler marched into Paris last summer, the *New York Times* had an editorial containing these lines: "It is only the lovely shell that Hitler has captured. He has not captured the true Paris. Never can he, his tanks, his robot battalions penetrate within the walls of that magic city. . . . Paris where democracy had its modern rebirth; Paris that taught the world to paint and build; Paris of museums, libraries, universities in which the mind could range at will; Paris the spiritual, Paris the city of love, Paris the city of light . . . this is not Hitler's Paris, not today, not ever." Yes, there are immeasurable values back of the Louvre, back of the Sorbonne, back of Notre Dame. What those spiritual forces may mean for tomorrow, only tomorrow can tell.

And there are still other imponderables in that European situation. Hunger haunts those lands this winter, and hungry people can generate moods and forces which even the Gestapo cannot control. Maybe that hunger will open a door for our service, and by kindness we can impress those whom the dictators cannot suppress. Remember this, that seeds are harder to see than ruins, and right now our eyes are on the ruins of Europe; but seeds are there too, and the seeds will determine the tomorrow. And remember this too, you cannot nazify a nation's culture with a blitzkrieg. There are spiritual and social forces at work in our world which only God can measure. "O Lord, send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me" to see the Imponderables, for they are the forces on which our Lord counted to redeem the world.

INVINCIBLES—BEAUTY, TRUTH, GOODNESS

In addition to the Invisibles and the Imponderables I need God's light and truth to lead me to see the Invincibles. What is invincible today? A few months ago we thought the Maginot Line was invincible. We know now it was not. For years the English have confidently believed that the British navy was invincible. We are not sure. In the exuberance of their spreading power, no doubt the Germans have come to think that Hitler's legions are invincible. Only tomorrow will tell. But tomorrow will tell that neither forts nor fleets nor armies are invincible. Eventually they all meet their match or are outmoded.

What then are the unconquerable factors in our world? Well, one of them is Truth. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." Those great universities of Europe have withstood the swirling revolutions of the past, and will still stand when this war is over. And over in China are universities which have been forced by the Japanese invasion to move their locations. But they have established themselves. Some time ago I heard of a group of Chinese students who saw their college forced to move and felt that the time had come for them to enlist. They therefore went to the Chungking government and offered their services. The hard-pressed government replied: "No, we have more need for trained leaders tomorrow than for fighters today. Go back and finish your schooling, and if you need money, we shall advance it." When a government with its back to the wall has such a regard for educational training and truth, that nation approaches invincibility.

THINGS THAT CANNOT DIE

Along with Truth, another invincible is Beauty. James Hilton, the writer, a few years ago grew so fearful that our warring world would destroy its works of art that he wrote his *Lost Horizon,* in which he pictures the fanciful far-away land of Shangri-La where

things of beauty would be safe. But in another book Hilton himself created a character called "Mr. Chips," whose beauty of character blossomed right through the World War. Ah, yes, beauty survives brutality. Artists will paint tomorrow. Poets will sing tomorrow. Young people, do not despair, the world of beauty is not coming to an end.

And along with truth and beauty, there is a third ultimate, which is goodness. Is goodness invincible? Today it would seem that about everything the world's Best Man stood for is being destroyed. But remember, the Black Friday on which the Son of Man was crucified became the Good Friday of history, because the character revealed on the cross vindicates its rightness in the hearts of men down the ages. They thought Christ crazy, but the world goes mad when it forgets him, and returns to him for sanity. They thought Christ weak, but he had a strength which survives the Caesars, and in his sign men conquer.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice—
An humble and a contrite heart.

Yes, goodness, as well as beauty and truth, is invincible.

"O Lord, send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill," where I may see as an early Christian saw in a day darker than ours that "whatever is born of God overcometh the world."

The Art of Living Together

EITHER people will learn to live together or civilization will perish from the face of the earth. This is not sentiment, but fact—the basic fact, with the world's culture, science, education, prosperity and social welfare at stake.

The story of the millennium is being written now. It is vital that we go forward resistlessly with teaching, learning, experimenting, investigating, preparing the way for the onward march of mankind. But with it must go progress in the art of living together.

Science, alone, is not enough. Good will to all men, old in statement, but ever new in significance, is the vital spark needed today. If such good will is absent as men become more and more dependent upon each other, we can only expect increase of vicious strife. Hostilities pile up between nations, business and government, labor and capital. As men divide into antagonistic groups, science and technology may become terribly destructive.

I believe that progress has been made, that the world is, through science and moral agencies, working together, acquiring a higher standard of morality in spite of industrial strife, wars, and other throwbacks.

ARTHUR H. COMPTON.
In the Rotarian Magazine

THE name of Jesus Christ is written on the top of every page of modern history.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

The Supreme Miracle

BY CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory. . . . No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him. John 1:1, 14, 18.

I

A CAREFUL reading of this opening chapter of the Fourth Gospel will indicate that these verses belong together. They take us back to the wondrous birth at Bethlehem. Not only so, but they take us infinite distances beyond that into the timeless eternities. "In the beginning," says the author, using the majestic language of Genesis. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." This word "was" is in the imperfect tense. It does not indicate a single past act, but something that took place continuously. "The Word was continuously with God, and the Word continuously was God. And the Word became flesh"—a single act—"and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory." Thus this writer affirms that the life of Jesus did not begin at his birth. Thus he is declaring that, in the coming of Jesus, God came in a unique sense to dwell among men.

This great affirmation does not stand alone. It is in harmony with both the Old and the New Testaments. The greatest of the prophets had dreamed of a good day when One should come whose very name might be interpreted, "God with us." The New Testament shows us this dream as an accomplished fact. The great hope has become a reality. In truth it was just this fact of God coming in the flesh that gave birth to the New Testament. Without this supreme miracle not a single page of this priceless Book would ever have been written. Those who came closest to Jesus, those who knew him best, those who followed him through life and at last died for him, did so because they were convinced that they found in him values they could find only in God. This has been the faith of the Christian Church through the centuries. It is our faith. Without this faith in the unique deity of Jesus as a practical working force in our lives, I doubt our right to the name of Christian.

Of course, I am not forgetting that there are excellent men and women who do not agree with this. There are those who believe that it is enough for one to accept the principles of Jesus and to try to practice them in daily life. Naturally, that is essential. But Christianity goes deeper than that. It involves a certain attitude toward Jesus himself. To deny this is to contradict the whole teaching of the New Testament. The disciples, who were pronounced monotheists, believed that the fundamental fact of their faith was the Lordship of Jesus. Such was the faith of Paul, the greatest of the apostles. When he was challenged on the way from Jerusalem to Damascus, he declared his surrender when he asked: "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" It

was through calling Jesus "Lord" that he was reborn. It was by this faith that he lived. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me."

What is more impressive, this was the clear teaching of Jesus himself. He did not, like other teachers, point away from himself to the truth. He said, rather: "I am the Truth." He did not claim merely to show men the way to God. He said, "I am the Way." When other teachers asked questions of their disciples that they thought fundamental, they put their questions thus: "What think ye of my doctrine? What think ye of my message?" But when Jesus asked the question that he thought fundamental, he asked: "What think ye of Christ? Who do you say that I am?" When Peter answered this question by saying, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God," Jesus said, "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven." Then he declared that upon this faith he would build his church, a church that should abide. Belief, then, in the unique deity of Jesus is the fundamental faith of the Christian Church.

II

How can we believe that in the coming of Jesus God came to dwell among men? Naturally we pass by certain arguments that appealed strongly to our fathers. They found it easier to believe in Jesus because of his unique birth. But this argument makes little appeal to the man of today. It is something that cannot be proved. Personally, I believe in the virgin birth. But my reason for doing so is that I believe in Jesus. Here is a personality that is unique. Here is an effect that is a different effect from any other I have known. But it is Jesus who makes his unique birth credible. This birth, whatever its circumstances, can add nothing to Jesus himself.

Our fathers believed in the unique deity of Jesus because of his miracle-working power. Not many years ago men of scientific mind were prone to reject the miracles of Jesus because they looked upon all miracles as violations of law. They recognized the fact that ours is an orderly world. They declared that it was unreasonable that God should make laws and then proceed to break them himself. But we have come to realize that what we are accustomed to call miracles may be as law-abiding as any other acts in nature. We are sure that Jesus was just as law-abiding when he worked miracles as he was in all other relationships. He was no more violating the law when he wrought signs than an aviator is violating the law when he flies. He simply knew laws that we have not yet fully discovered. But Jesus does not need the miracles to substantiate him; he substantiates the miracles.

How, then, can we believe in the unique deity of Jesus? If we appeal to his unique birth, we realize that others have claimed to be divinely born. If we appeal to his miracles, we realize that others have claimed miraculous powers. But none of these vindicated their claims by their lives. This Jesus did. He is the one man who was not a sinner. When we hear Paul say, "There is no difference for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," we say Amen. If the best and purest man you know were to say to you, "Not once have I ever done wrong, not once has duty come to knock at my door and failed to find me in," such a word would discredit that man. There is almost nothing that he could say that would so offend you. Yet, here is one of whom it is written, "He knew no sin," and that high assertion does not offend us. That is the impression that the Gospels have left upon the overwhelming majority of those who have read and pondered their great messages.

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But how may we know that these Evangelists were not creating this perfection out of their own fertile imaginations? For the simple reason that they could not. If the greatest genius of our day were to undertake to draw a perfect character, the perfection of that character might not be your idea of perfection at all. Were he to delineate a character that would appeal to our whole generation as perfect, that character might not make the same appeal to those of another generation. Then it is evident that the writers of the Gospels were not trying to draw a perfect character. Jesus did many things that shocked them. Again and again these writers thought he was blundering. Yet, the impression these records make upon us is that Jesus was perfect.

But more impressive than their claims for Jesus are the claims that he makes for himself. This Man was so sensitive to sin that he rebuked sin in others as none other that ever lived. This Man, who declared that

it was better to cut off the right hand and to pluck out the right eye than to do the guilty thing, pronounced himself not guilty. "What man," he asked, "convicteth me of sin?" Then when he stood at the end of the way, when he stood in the immediate presence of death, and the immediate presence of God—at that solemn hour, when the most flippant become serious, when, if ever, we are honest—he claims perfection. Speaking to his Father, he uses these great words: "I have glorified thee on the earth. I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." Thus he claims not merely to have reached the end of his life, but to have finished it, to have brought it to perfection. He had left nothing undone that he ought to have done. He had left no tear undried that he ought to have dried, no burden unlifted that he might have lifted. Nor had he planted a single thorn that he would like now to pluck up. His was a perfect life. It is the one perfect life that our world has known.

If you are minded to argue that Jesus was misquoted, that he never made these high claims, then I answer that what he said by his whole attitude is quite as impressive as what he is credited with saying with his lips. Here, I repeat, is a Man who was an incarnate conscience to everyone who really saw him. In his presence Simon Peter fell upon his knees and cried, "Depart from me, I am a sinful man, O Lord." A hardened highwayman, who died at his side, looked at him and sobbed out: "I am suffering justly, but this man hath done nothing amiss." To this day he rebukes us as none other that ever lived. Yet, he that so rebuked sin in others never once showed the slightest consciousness of sin. Never once was he penitent. He taught all others to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," but never once did he ask forgiveness. Never once did he show the slightest grief for a single act, nor lament a single failure. The whole impression that Jesus makes to this day is that of a man who was sinless.

To undertake to explain this fact by saying that Jesus was the best man that ever lived is no explanation at all. This is the case because those most tormented by a sense of guilt are not the worst, but the best. When we listen to those confessions red with shame and wet with tears and crimsoned with the blood of agony they do not come from the lips of the great sinners, but from the lips of the great saints. "Now Job was a perfect man," is the beginning of that majestic story. In the presence of his friends he maintained his integrity. But by and by when he got a vision of God all was changed. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now that my eye seeth thee, I repent and abhor myself in dust and ashes." But here is one that all acknowledge to be good. Yet this good Man never showed the slightest penitence even in the presence of God. We believe, therefore, that he is more than good, we believe he is perfect. "O what amiss may I forgive in thee, Jesus, good paragon, thou crystal Christ?"

Not only did this Man claim to be sinless, but he claimed to be able to save from sin. Millions, countless millions, have been convinced of the truthfulness of this claim through their own experiences. Furthermore, this Man not only claimed to be able to save from sin, but he offered himself as the satisfaction for every human need. To the hungry he declared, "I am the Bread of Life." To the thirsty he said, "I am the Water of Life." To the tired and restless he held out his hands, saying: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." To those who were longing for God, who were saying articulately or inarticulately, "Show us the Father," he declared, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." He claimed that men and nations stand or fall, live or die, according as they accept him. All who have put him to the test claim to have found those satisfactions which God alone can give. These all sing with one voice: "Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find."

III

Then, I think, the incarnation becomes the more credible when we realize that it is just what we should expect a God of infinite love to do for his children. By becoming flesh the Word could accomplish that which he could not accomplish in any other way.

In the first place, the Word became flesh in order to bring to man an adequate revelation of God. The great seers and saints of mankind had known much of God before Jesus came. They had seen something of his power in nature. They had seen something of his beauty in the faces of the best men and women they had known. But they needed a more adequate revelation. God remains an abstraction to most of us till we see him in terms of personality. This is true of all really great values. When I was preparing this sermon I turned to *Webster's International Dictionary* in quest of definitions for some of the great words. First, I wanted to know what light is. I found out. "It is the essential condition of vision, an emanation from a light-giving body." How thrilling! When I read it I was eager to tuck that heavy book under my arm and hurry out to read that definition to every blind person that I knew.

No, that was not the case at all. I knew that one glimpse of a glow-worm would be worth more to the understanding of light than all the definitions in the world.

Then I looked up the word "life." I found the definition so tame that if that were all I knew about life I would not care to live. Next I turned to the word "love." Here I felt sure of a thrill. But again the dictionary let me down. If I had not seen love smile through human lips, look out through human eyes, minister through human hands, I should as soon have invested in dust and ashes as in love. What gives Hitler his power? He has become an incarnation of the hopes and hates of his people. The great and mighty words of our language are mere abstractions unless we meet them in terms of personality.

The other day an excellent woman told me with enthusiasm that she had attended a certain church where they had told her what God is. Realizing how

tremendous was her assertion I asked what she had learned. And she gave me a definition—a rather stale, flat and empty definition at that. It would have been laughable if it had not been so pathetic. Believe me, there is no putting the eternal God into a definition. The only way we can get an adequate view of him is in terms of personality. We see him in Jesus. By this we are not affirming that we see all of God even in Jesus. In taking upon himself the nature of man, Paul tells us, Jesus emptied himself. But while we do not see all of God in this Man, we see all that our human understanding can comprehend, all that our human nature can reveal, and all that our human hearts need. When we see him gather little children in his arms, when we see him give harlots a new chance, when we hear him pray amidst the agonies of the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," we can ask nothing better in the infinite God than that he be like this Man who through his brief years lived and died for others.

In the second place, it is through the incarnation that Jesus reveals us to ourselves. He is not only a revelation of God, he is a revelation of man. In his presence we become conscious of our moral failure. If we look only at our fellows, we may boast of our goodness. We may say with the prideful Pharisee: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men." But no man can say this in the presence of Jesus. One day when his friends saw him at prayer they realized as never before the poverty of their own prayers. They knew at once that they had never truly prayed. Therefore they came to him, saying: "Lord, teach us to pray. You make prayer so real, so tremendously beautiful, and so worth while." When we watch him live we know that we ought to use our lives in a far grander way than we are using them. Thus does Jesus reveal to us our sinful selves.

But he does not only show us what we are; he shows us also what we may become. He shows us our amazing possibilities. He makes us believe in the "Land of Beginning Again." He makes us sure that even a fluctuating son of Jona can become a rock of Christlike character. You remember that brilliant young genius who years ago stood before a canvas of Titian? As this young man looked at the work of the great master his cheeks took on a new glow, his eyes sparkled, and he said to himself: "I too, Titian, I too, am a painter." And as men through the centuries have looked at Jesus, they have said: "I, too, O Lord and Master, I, too, may live grandly."

And, in the third place, Jesus by his incarnation shows us what is to be our relationship both to God and to one another. Our relationship to God is to be that of sons. When we pray we are to say, "Our Father." Our relationship to one another is to be the relationship of brothers. It was this relationship that Jesus made visible before our eyes. He summed up in himself that kingdom of right relationships which he called the Kingdom of Heaven or the Kingdom of God. It is for this Kingdom that we are made. It is the laws of this Kingdom that we are meant to obey. Here is the way we are to live our lives. To live them in this fashion is to live abundantly. To undertake to live them in any other fashion is not to find life but death.

Finally, in Jesus we see not only God's fullest revelation of the kingdom of right relationships into which we are to enter, but we see the power for realization. Today, as in the long ago, he is saying: "As many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God." We do not have to tug him into our lives, we only have to receive him. By receiving him we come to share his nature. By receiving him we come to share his attitude toward God and man. By receiving him we come to share in his power to heal a broken world. "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also." We cannot put too much weight upon him. He is able to do for us and through us exceedingly above all our power to ask or think.

'And He Brought Him'

By John Ray Ewers

We have found the messiah. . . . And he brought him to Jesus. John 1:40-42.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT particularly enjoyed the following story. The grandson of an old preacher came to spend a week with his relative. On Sunday the little fellow had dutifully listened to his grandfather preach and he was evidently deeply impressed. On Tuesday, while out for a walk, the two were passing the church, and the preacher said: "Come into the church with me, I have to get a book." But, in fright, the lad refused to enter. "Why are you afraid to go into the church?" asked the old gentleman. "Because of the 'zeal.' You said the zeal in the church would eat me up." It happened that the text had been taken from Psalm 69:9—"The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." After a hearty chuckle Roosevelt was wont to observe: "Very few churches need be worried about a consuming 'zeal.'"

You and I are weary of hearing about the failures and the shortcomings of the church of today. The last blow has come from the statisticians, who inform us that while the increase in our population is much reduced, the growth of the church has slumped even worse. The church is actually retreating. Foot by foot we are giving ground. Is not the chief reason that the church has avoided its paramount business? All of our weaknesses and many of our failures may be traced directly to the sad fact that we have not obeyed the Great Commission; we have not tried to win converts; we have done everything except the main job. We have chosen the easier path because winning and training new recruits is difficult and somewhat discouraging. But this task is fundamental. Omitted, the entire structure crumbles.

Can we not learn from the draft? Can we not see that soldiers come first? How can you defend holy causes, how can you win campaigns, without vast numbers of selected and trained men? You cannot. Now, the modern church is failing to gain recruits. More

than that, the church today has lost its passion to win new converts. This is the basic tragedy in our modern situation. Why are we unable to see this fact, and to act upon it? "Now it is either Christ or chaos," as Lloyd George put it. The church demands an effective army. If we have little interest in building this army; if we insist upon doing everything except the important thing—the church will fade out. Its power and influence in saving society will utterly vanish. The salt will have lost its savor and will have come to be good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men.

We need a "forty-parson" voice of power to call us back to our primary business. "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." There are our marching orders—dare we disobey? Can we not see that the church exists to make Christians, and that to make Christians we must win new converts and train them in the ways of Christ? Conversion, culture—let us hold to our essential work. To obey the Master's wise command will absorb most of our energies. To succeed in this task will accomplish his will. Only Christians can save the world. Today both Christianity and civilization are being viciously attacked. If Christianity goes down, its fall will carry with it all the moral values created by Christ and all the generous and just social attitudes which have developed from our religion.

SECRETS OF THE EARLY CHURCH

Why did the early church grow? Because the first disciples, under the direct inspiration of Christ, went everywhere preaching the Word, winning converts, building Christian societies. With holy zeal and fresh eagerness those men and women carried the gospel as far as Caesar's household. They swept the people of their generation into the church. They had one burning conviction—Christ was Lord of their lives. Read again the simple, direct words of our text. Andrew, and another, found Jesus. They abode with him; they caught his spirit. Straightway they rushed off to find a convert. Andrew went first to his own brother, Peter. "We have found the Messiah," he cried. His burning torch kindled his prospect. "And he brought him to Jesus." Have we found Christ? Has he set us on fire? Have we actually brought anybody to him? Is our local church interested in this kind of enterprise? There can be no substitute for this first-hand acceptance of the Great Commission. This is the supreme business of Christ's church. But the "radiance" is lost, as L. P. Jacks told us. The joy of personal victory is fading.

A Dartmouth professor insists that the modern church is like a mummy. Richly decorated, brightly painted—but dead. Creeds bind us like mummy windings; formality reduces us to dullness. Like Jonah, the church is running away from its task. Repentance must be preached in our modern Ninevehs: Berlin, Moscow, Rome, London, New York. The church must be called back to her Christ-given assignment: "Go; make disciples; teach them." The church is behaving like an uninterested schoolboy, who will use any expedient to avoid his real work. He will weed in the garden; he will run errands; he will paint the fence—so long as he can keep away from books and the schoolroom.

We are not exaggerating. Let us prove our contention by exploring the actual record of some of the activities of the church of Christ during the past fifty years. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." It is not that we have not done many beautiful and valuable things, but we have left undone the one most important thing: we have not made converts and we have not trained them adequately.

WHEN FOREIGN MISSIONS FLOURISHED

Consider foreign missions. Undoubtedly the initial impulse of foreign missions was in direct line with the Great Commission. If it was good to win converts in America, it was also good to win them in India, China and Africa. The early missionaries were men and women possessing evangelistic zeal. They went out, bravely, to make Christians and to build churches in other lands. Then, in time, secondary factors became primary. The institution smothered the passion. The mainspring of the watch broke. Means became ends in themselves. Energies were absorbed by schools, hospitals, farms, reforms, politics. It was splendid to try to make China a democracy, but it would have been better to have made more Christians. It is good to build a university, to heal bodies, to teach soil conservation, but it is not good to put the secondary *first*. When foreign missions lost its fighting enthusiasm in winning new converts, interest was lost in foreign missions. When, and only when, the emphasis upon evangelism diminished, our devotion slackened.

It is as true in China as it is in our own country, that when the fundamental reason for existence is pushed aside, the enthusiasm for the institution dies. You cannot neglect evangelism. There is no substitute for it. If you insist upon going on without it, you travel at your own risk. You must not complain at disaster. We heartily believe in all missions, home and foreign, but we know that when for any reason the passion to win new converts cools, missions die.

THE 'BETTER WAY' OF SOCIAL SERVICE

Consider social service. About fifty years ago, when multitudes were disgusted with the cruder forms of evangelism, thousands turned to social service as to a better way. If only we could succeed in making the environment Christian, how naturally we would produce Christians, and how well we could maintain them! If only—! We argued that babies would die without good homes and that new converts would perish without a correct social atmosphere. With flaming enthusiasm we set about reforming everything. We inspected, we attended dinners, we made brilliant speeches, we poured out our money and a few went to dwell in social settlements. We thought that we had almost created the perfect society. We changed everything *except the human heart;* we forgot that until we

hange that, we have actually changed nothing. We ompletely overlooked the fact that you cannot start conflagration without real fire, that only the Holy Spirit can work any permanent betterment.

We might have succeeded had we produced enough converted individuals, but our staff was too small. Social workers, in time, came to scoff at the church. We labored to build a golden frame and then found that we had only an ugly picture to set in it. We lacked enough "earnest" crusaders to carry on the crusade. Jane Addams and Graham Taylor possessed hearts changed by religion, but many professional social workers made light of the power of Christianity. What have

John Ray Ewers

they to say, now, in the midst of a dynamited society? As well try to invade Europe with an inadequate force as to attempt to conquer sinful cities without men and women who work in the spirit of our Master! Many brave social dreams failed miserably because there were not enough genuine Christians to bring them to realization. Pitiable and tragic was the breakdown of secular social service.

THE ERA OF SPECIAL 'DRIVES'

God knows that we need a changed environment, but do not forget that God has given us the only program for change—the changed heart of a convinced Christian. There is only one way to change a bad into a good environment and that is by converting enough men and women. Even the famous Toynbee Hall, in London, at last became little more than a workmen's club and an employment agency. Arnold Toynbee and Canon Barnett, in earlier years, did their great work with *religion* as the transforming power.

Consider drives and campaigns. When it began to appear that the church was failing in these newer objectives, a thing happened that was typically American. Huge drives, highly advertised, swept out of New York and carried across the continent to the Golden Gate. The biggest men and women in the entire Christian world were formed into spell-binding teams and these were sent into the chief cities. Smaller teams, made up of lesser men, were imported into the smaller towns. It was dramatic. It was expensive. Masses were touched. The humble pastor, toiling faithfully, was made to feel inferior. Impressive statistics were published and, for a while, it looked as if the Kingdom had been helped. A few men volunteered, many millions were tossed into the laps of committees—but within a year everybody saw that little of lasting importance had occurred. Preachers began to lose confidence in their own power to win converts; laymen found the small, local fields too commonplace. There was a deep trough between the last drive and the next campaign. Finally the churches were overlooked altogether, as the high-powered teams went only to the universities of the country.

Now, when a campaign breezes out of New York, moves to the provinces, and expires on the west coast, we do not expect too much. The advertised, expert drive is only a cheap way of evading the hard, constant, essential spadework of the local congregation. The Kingdom of God comes only when definite converts are won and trained.

SALVATION BY EDUCATION

Consider religious education. Next, in order, came salvation by education. Like a Pied-piper it led us all captive. It seemed so sweet and natural (and easy) to capture and hold the children of the community. We knew that it was difficult to change oldsters. We thought that we could win the children. Did not Jesus himself gather the little children into his arms? We forgot that he did other things. Plants were built; attractive literature was prepared. Conventions were held, books were written, thousands were trained to become experts in religious education. All we had to do was to fill our Sunday schools with unspoiled children and the millennium would arrive. Many churches built the entire worship and preaching service around the children, thus neglecting many older people.

Far be it from us to say one word against religious education—although we now see how superficial and fractional much of our work was, and is. Like all the foregoing activities this new venture is good, but it is not good enough. It never can take the place of a powerful, convinced and persistent evangelism. Already our Sunday schools are slumping, both in interest and attendance. They have not produced what we anticipated. When the fire in the stove goes out, the room becomes cold. When the power plant breaks down, the lights go out. And now—"the lights are going out." Let us admit that much evangelism also is superficial, but nothing can take the place of honest soul-winning. We all went into religious education heartily; but we have lived to see a day of full Sunday

schools and *empty* churches—and now the schoolrooms are emptying. A declining church is the answer to the emphasis upon religious education which neglected the factor of complete conversion.

FORMALISM IN WORSHIP

Consider worship. The latest substitute is formality in worship. Having failed in evangelism, missions, social service, campaigns, religious education, the church disappears behind a mask. We parade in borrowed garments. We have "gone gothic." This is the day of processionals, candles, robes, color, millinery, chants, printed forms, printed prayers and carved pulpits. This is all good, but it is the unreality of much of it that pulverizes us. Formal worship, without the spirit, is the last refuge of a defeated Protestantism. Lacking the burning zeal, we turn actors. Lacking life, we paint the mummy. In Heaven's name, let us have one service without mentioning "the true, the good and the beautiful"—and let us mention Jesus Christ, our Savior! Let us have beauty, ritual, oratory, music and order; but much more than all this, let us have evangelistic conviction.

Oh, for a still, small, insistent voice in the heart of every pastor, every laymen, which would grant him no peace until he went out in actual quest for souls! A fine gentleman said to a preacher: "I sat in your pews for ten years and you never once asked me to become a Christian; now I am going to join another church." And he did.

Not a thousand miles away from here stands one of those magnificent new church buildings which a substituting generation has erected. A noted preacher, an evangelist, came to that church one morning to preach. The pastor took him up the cathedral aisle and into the elegant study. Left alone for a few moments, the visitor noticed the series of pictures on the walls. A log church, a frame one, then brick, stone and finally this impressive building. "What an interesting and progressive series!" he said when the pastor returned. A cloud passed over the handsome, cultivated face of the minister, and he said: "Do you know, I would be glad to trade this beautiful temple for any one of those others—for in those early churches men and women were honestly and soundly converted. Do you know that we have not listened to a single profession of faith, here, in the past twelve months?"

Today, seeming to have everything, we have nothing. And, until the spirit of evangelism glows in our hearts—we shall have nothing.

WHAT the world needs today, what the world must have, if peace is to be restored to it, if righteousness, truth and honor are again to become controlling virtues in the affairs of men, is a return of faith—faith in God, faith in the leadership of Jesus Christ. For to the extent that men have lost faith in a power above and beyond themselves, they have effaced moral standards and have opened the doors to all the evils that degrade the spiritual ideals of civilization, and make way for the destructive forces which prey upon material welfare as well. *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Divine Prometheus

BY HOBART D. MCKEEHAN

I am come to send fire on the earth. Luke 12:49.

FOR more than twenty centuries admirers of Greek poetry and mythology have loved to hear and tell the story of Prometheus, one of the Titans, who, as the myth relates, gained the enmity of Zeus by bringing fire from heaven and bestowing its benefits upon the children of men. To know how and when and where man discovered the use of fire would be to know approximately the beginning of civilization. Yet the thing of which I am thinking now—the celestial flame which came and which comes through Jesus Christ—is of more importance than is the fire which heats our homes, drives our engines, illuminates the night and cooks our food. "I am come," said the Savior, "to send fire on the earth." Thus did he describe the mission of his ministry: to kindle the world with the fire of God.

The appropriateness of the phrase is obvious. Though he did not come out of history, but into it, Jesus completed and authenticated all that was genuine among the insights of philosophers and prophets, poets, priests and saints. And from time immemorial fire had been the significant symbol of the divine presence, influence, illumination and power.

FIRE AS A SYMBOL

A moment's reflection recalls to mind a whole series of biblical scenes and personalities in which fire is the symbol of some unearthly experience. One remembers Moses in the solitary Midian desert seeking God in a bush that burned without being consumed; Elijah on Mount Carmel, challenging the prophets of Baal and invoking "the God that answereth by fire"; the acceptableness of burnt-offerings, and the Levitical law which said, "Fire shall be kept burning upon the altar continually: it shall not go out."

The New Testament also presents fire as the sign of God's holy presence and redemptive purpose. Anticipating One, the latchet of whose shoes he felt himself unworthy to loose, John the Baptist prophesied, saying: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." On the day of Pentecost, when reborn men became living cells within the mystical Body of Christ, the Holy Spirit came upon them in "tongues of fire." And Christian history bears unmistakable testimony to the same reality. Christianity, in essence, represents an invasion of heavenly flame. The revealing, not the inquiring factor, is most central to our holy faith. The great word is not religion; it is revelation.

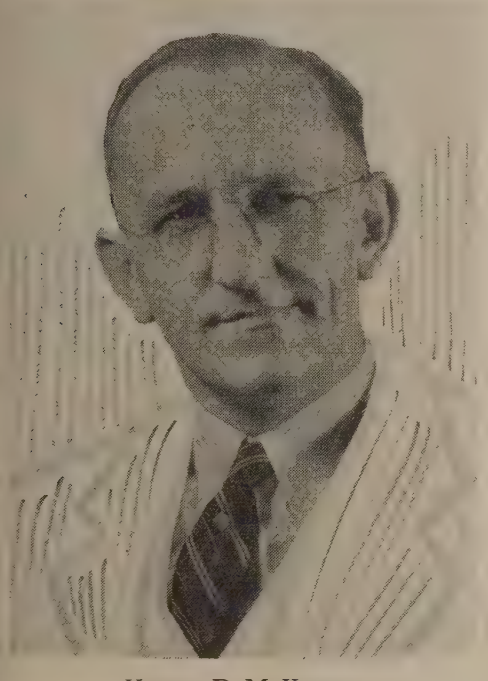
Call the roll of the great creative spirits of Christendom—Paul, Augustine, Dante, Aquinas, Luther, Fox, Wesley, Pascal and many another—and you will meet envisioned and empowered men whose personalities were aflame with the fire of heaven.

The Evangel is a fire. It is kindled, it spreads, it

cts like fire: and Christ is the divine Prometheus. Through him came and through him comes the redeeming fire of God. What he taught and what he wrought were alike manifestations of the holy flame. "I am come to send fire on the earth." But why fire? What is the nature and function of fire? Here we have a startlingly illuminating clue to the mission of Christ and the nature of the gospel.

FIRE AS DESTROYER AND PURIFIER

For one thing, fire *destroys*. Destroys? Do you really mean, some one is asking, that the gospel is destructive? Yes; but what it destroys is always evil. It



HOBART D. MCKEEHAN

destroys sin. It destroys pride. It destroys selfishness. It destroys the germs of moral tuberculosis. It destroys the inner poisons and perversions of the human soul of which even war, with all its frightfulness and futility, is but a symptom. It destroys needless poverty. It destroys ignorance. It destroys guilt and death. Indeed, there is a sense in which the Evangel of God is militantly destructive. It destroys what is evil in order that it may create or construct what is good.

For another thing, fire *purifies*. Have you ever seen iron ore being cast into a blast furnace? The terrific heat causes the ore to melt; and, as it melts, a dirty scum rises to the surface and is ladled off by the pudllers. Beneath, and flowing out into molds, is the pure stream of metal, cleansed because it has had its impurities burned away.

Not otherwise is it when the fire of God enters into the life of man. Man is indeed "the mysterious." He is a strange admixture of animal instincts and of angelic possibilities. Potentially he is a devil or a saint, and in essential nature and need he is always and everywhere the same. The tragic fact of his nature is his sinfulness, and the tragic need of his life is redemption. To this end not psychological release, but spiritual purgation, is what man needs most. And this is precisely what the gospel of Christ offers him. As a fire from heaven, the gospel, evoking penitence and confession, penetrates, purifies and transfigures the whole of life. It removes the dross and leaves the gold. Such is the thought of the words of Saint Peter when he said: "Seeing ye have purified your souls in your obedience to the truth . . . having been begotten again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, through the word of God."

FIRE BRINGS WARMTH TO LIFE

Yet again, fire *gives warmth*. One of the apocryphal, but perhaps authentic, sayings of our Lord is this: "He that is near Me is near the fire." Jesus is the divine fire-bringer and fire-builder. He is always lighting fires in cold rooms and in cold hearts. His coming into life is like the warmth of the summer-making sun. Men who have come under the spell and power of his gospel are like men who have moved out of January into June. They are like frozen streams that have been released by the warm winds of spring.

And, let us make no mistake about it, what Jesus wrought was even more creatively important than what he taught. The source and secret of the warmth of the spirit is the Cross and the open tomb. Man being what he was and is, it was only by our Lord's dying and rising again that the divine fire could be kindled. The incarnation, so to speak, brought the holy flame to earth; Calvary and the resurrection kindled it among the hearts and homes of men.

But now it has been kindled, and it is for us who are his disciples to feed and protect and distribute the sacred fire. And this we do best by being witnesses to what Christ is and does and means. Almost everyone in western Europe and America is a witness *of* Christianity, but even in the church there are all too few witnesses *to* Christianity.

ENERGY RELEASED BY FIRE

Taking a further step, we may say that fire *releases energy*. It makes power both possible and available. Without it not a wheel would be turning in our factories, no ocean liners would be sailing the seven seas, and our whole industrial civilization would be at a standstill. It is fire that releases the energies of coal and oil and wood. And it is the fire of the gospel—this supernatural gift which the divine Prometheus brought to earth—which releases the moral and spiritual energies of souls and societies.

By its ability to release those energies the spiritual nobodies of the infant Ecclesia became members of the "fourth race" and builders of a new civilization. By it Peter the vacillating became Peter the Rock, and Saul the destroyer became Paul the builder, while the brilliant but passion-enslaved child of Monica, finding a new and higher passion in Christ, became the master mind of the church and held that mastery for a thou-

sand years. Augustine's spiritual and intellectual energy was released and enhanced by the flame of a fire which, though burning forever, is never consumed.

And, as perhaps at no time since the Bishop of Hippo, Christian men and women of our day need the strength to see and the will to seek a City of God which is above and beyond the reach of those forces and factors by which the bright but brittle cities of man are laid waste.

Moreover, as one thinks of Christ as the divine Prometheus, he must not for a moment forget that the fire is brought from heaven before it is kindled on the earth. It is a gift, not a discovery. Christianity is revelation! That great, if not greatest word of the New Testament—*dunamis,* power—is never used to express innate human strength or ability. Whether it refers to the source and secret of spiritual power, or to its manifold manifestations, it always implies an invasion of this world by something not of this world. It is brought into history before it is released in history.

SOURCE OF LIGHT AND LIFE

One of the most obvious characteristics of fire is that it *illuminates.* It lights up dark places. It drives menacing shadows away. It dispels superstition and fear. Wherever the gospel is known and believed, there is light. Wherever the Word is preached and obeyed, there is freedom. Why? Because the great, ultimate and inescapable question of man's mind and heart are answered in the light of the fire from heaven.

What is man? Why is man? Who is God? What is God like? What is his purpose? What is life? What is death? What is beyond death? The only adequate answer is the answer of him who is the Light of the World. "I am come a light into the world," said Jesus, "that whosoever believeth on me may not abide in darkness." What Christ brings to a man's life is not cut-and-dried answers, but illumination. Christianity is not a road map showing all distances and detours, or an illustrated timetable covering the future's predetermined course of events. It is, rather, a light by which we may walk with purpose and direction, and a wisdom through which we may know all that is essential to the soul's health and happiness.

And finally, fire *begets life.* Without light and warmth there is not only darkness, but death. Dante's rose of love and fire is the emblem of the life which is at once ultimately significant and everlastingly enduring. The mission of our Lord and his gospel, beginning with the destruction of evil and continuing with the purification of character and the illumination of mystery, reaches the goal of the divine intention through the bestowal of supernatural life. It is life abundant. It is new, free, creative and everlasting. It is life from heaven.

Such life, hid with God in Christ, lifts man above the flux of time and chance and circumstances. It gives him the authentic experience of eternity, even in the midst of his mortal years, and bestows upon him the ultimate of all privileges—the privilege of becoming himself a new Prometheus—a bringer of heavenly fire to the lives and institutions of men.

The Mind of Christ – and of Mars

By Wilbur S. Deming

IT is not too much to say that the military mind which is holding our modern world in its grip partakes of the nature of a mental disease. Before there are active measures of a warlike nature, there is this mental viewpoint or worship of physical force. There is the open admission that might makes right and that the only law that a nation needs to observe is to take what it wants if it can. When such a viewpoint is once

A Pastoral Prayer

By Andrew G. Finnie

SPIRIT of the living God who hath breathed into physical life Thine own quickening spirit, we pray today for a proper sense of our reliance upon Thee.

We remember simpler days when the struggle of life was harder than ours has been, when our fathers freely acknowledged their need of one another and their common dependence on Thee. May we now, as of old, praise Thee "from whom all blessings flow." We thank Thee for the fruitfulness of the earth; on this continent we have not known want. We thank Thee for work to do and the sure satisfactions of toil. Grant, O Lord God, that in the midst of plenty there may be opportunity for all to work and such a will to justice as will bring to all a just return for work well done.

Open our eyes to the Light that in earth's darkest hours never has gone out. We remember with gratitude all faithful souls who have given room in their lives for Thee and have made possible in every age the knowledge that Thine arm of deliverance has not been foreshortened. Help us to see in these bitter days of suffering, when the love of Christ is mocked in the utter disregard of human life, that more than ever it is ours to bear our witness to Him who is the world's hope and the world's peace.

Give comfort to the bereaved, courage to those in peril, strength to the oppressed who have seen the eclipse of their freedom. Teach us that vengeance does not belong to man, but to Thee. Grant that we of Thy church, O God, may be fit for this hour to which we are come. Our strength is weakness, yet of the weak things of the earth Thou hast ever raised up strength. May we of Thy church be as a standard of hope, a light that will not be quenched, a spirit that can never die. All this we ask through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

firmly established in the minds of those in control, then all the machinery of the state is set in motion and the way is prepared for active measures. I need not point out that if the leaders of Europe had had a truly Christian viewpoint during the past twenty years Europe would be in a very different situation today. The mind of Mars, for the time being, has repulsed the mind of Christ. There is a profound truth in the statement of President Roosevelt that men can be the prisoners of their minds, rather than of circumstances.

You and I at times may long for an opportunity to get sail in a private boat and to go off to a peaceful isle in the Pacific and there spend our days in comparative peace far from the radio or the newspaper. Oh, for a chance to escape this enveloping mental atmosphere in which force regins supreme! But we know that such an escape is impossible. We are in the world and have to make our adjustment to it. It is useless for us to adopt temporary expedients, thinking that by any of these we can isolate ourselves from the world scene.

No, we must make a wholesome adjustment, as sincere Christians, to the present world scene, whether we like it or not. And certainly such an adjustment is not merely giving in to the present trend or meekly accepting it or becoming absorbed by it. There is all the difference in the world betwen the mind of Mars and the mind of Christ. There is nothing in common between the urge toward violence and the will to peace. There may be times when a defensive war is inevitable but the Christian does not glorify the method.

It is my belief that the one wholesome adjustment for the Christian today, as it was for the Philippians, is to have the mind of Christ. It is to be upper-room Christians, rather than to live on the lower levels. It is to live in the world and yet lift the world. It is to let Jesus capture our attention. "Men will believe Christianity and accept Christ as Lord only as they come in contact with those who have the mind of Christ."

Lenten Verse

The Cross Was His Own

He borrowed a bed to lay his head
When Christ the Lord came down;
They borrowed the ass in the mountain pass
For him to ride to town;
But the Crown that he wore and the Cross that he bore
Were his own.

He borrowed the bread when the crowd he fed
On the grassy mountain side;
He borrowed the dish of broken fish
With which he satisfied;
But the Crown that he wore and the Cross that he bore
Were his own.

He borrowed the ship in which to sit
To talk to the multitude;
He borrowed the nest in which to rest,
He had never a home so crude;
But the Crown that he wore and the Cross that he bore
Were his own.

He borrowed a room on his way to the tomb,
The Passover lamb to eat;
They borrowed a cave for him a grave;
They borrowed a winding sheet;
But the Crown that he wore and the Cross that he bore
Were his own.

The thorns on his head were worn in my stead;
For me the Savior died;
For the guilt of my sin, the nails drove in
When him they crucified;
Though the Crown that he wore and the Cross that he bore
Were his own.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The Untried Door

BEHOLD, we stand at many doors and knock;
From house to house we pass in the cold night!
But hear not any creaking of the lock
And through no crevice see the welcome light!

Silent those palaces for evermore!
Only one house remains untried, where stands
The Friend, who waits our knocking on the door—
Upon the latch his scarred and eager hands.

EDWARD SHILLITO.

The Key

THE cross of Calvary
Was verily the Key
By which our Brother Christ
Unlocked the Door
Of Immortality
To you and me;
And, passing through himself before,
He set it wide
Forevermore,
That we, by his grace justified,
And by his great love fortified,
Might enter in all fearlessly,
And dwell forever by his side.

The Cross of Death
Became the Key of Life;
So now—this purge of fiery wrath,
This woeful fratricidal strife,
May leave along the Reaper's path
A sweet and precious aftermath
Of Hope, born of a newborn Faith,
Of Life reborn of Death.

JOHN OXENHAM.

Broadcasting the Good News

By Allen E. Claxton

At this moment, news has the right of way on all the major radio networks. The rise and fall of nations, the absorption or destruction of peoples and races, and the destiny of continents are matters holding the world's first attention. Most of this news is bad news. So inflammatory and so volatile are the reports that our government has had to request commentators to exercise caution and self-control for the sake of the public good. In the midst of this situation it is a thrilling privilege to broadcast the Good News. My daily program follows the Columbia rebroadcasts from London, Paris and Berlin. The importance of this proximity is evidenced strongly in our day-to-day mail response.

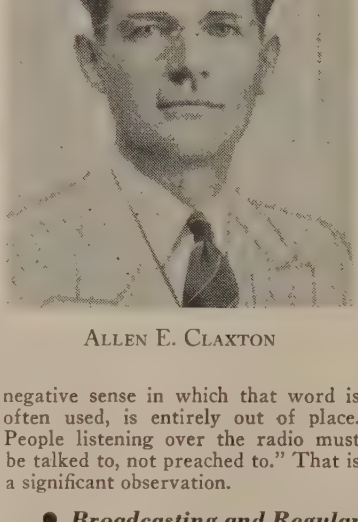
Whatever I say on this subject is based on more than eleven years' experience with weekly and daily programs. For nine years I have spoken six days a week, preached hundreds of radio sermons, and written more than 150 religious radio plays and sketches, for a total of more than 3,000 broadcasts. I have conducted summer radio preaching programs and am now directing a Sunday morning radio pulpit, using clergymen of all denominations. For six years I have been director and editor of all religious programs for Station WPRO in Providence, the local Columbia outlet. The convictions which I shall pass on for your consideration fall under two natural heads: the spirit of broadcasting and the content.

● *Broadcasting Is Personal*

While in some ways religious broadcasting is an extension of the pulpit, it is more an extension of the pastoral call. Through the radio you talk to individuals—in their own homes. It has been a healthy exercise for me to remember that through the radio I am never talking to more than one person at a time. It has convinced me that my most effective preaching to my own congregation has been when I speak so that each worshiper can listen for his own soul.

Because it is personal, radio preaching must be conversational. You do not harangue your Sunday school superintendent and his wife in their parlor. You can't do it from behind the loudspeaker. You must preach, but there is a difference between preaching and haranguing.

Failure to recognize the conversational element is undoubtedly the chief reason for the majority of failures in religious broadcasting. H. V. Kaltenborn says: "The first thing to remember is that the atmosphere in which a radio sermon is received is altogether different from that which prevails in a church. A simple, straightforward, naturally spoken message has the greatest effect. 'Preaching,' in the



Allen E. Claxton

negative sense in which that word is often used, is entirely out of place. People listening over the radio must be talked to, not preached to." That is a significant observation.

● *Broadcasting and Regular Church Services*

The radio ministry does not injure the stated church service, any more than medical books or public health lectures can eliminate the physician. Rather do they emphasize its importance. Says Ralph W. Sockman: "My own feeling is that radio preaching is no competitor of stated church services. Religion is like art or music in that the more you have the more you want." Dr. Fosdick says, "We should preach to objects rather than subjects." And Dr. Paul Scherer comments: "I believe that the content of broadcasting should be addressed rather to the unchurched and nonchurched than to our own people. The ministry of the radio is very largely, or ought to be, to those who have forgotten what the inside of a church looks like!"

When I am on vacation, I request brother ministers to conduct my programs. Those who may be called "natural radio men" are few, but I see no reason why any man who is an effective pastor cannot learn to be an effective broadcaster.

● *Consideration for Radio Listeners*

Be a gentleman. Do not insult your listeners. Scorn, hate and ranting have no place on a Christian broadcast. Demagogues have gathered large groups to themselves with these tools, through the radio, but those groups are not religious. Their spirit is of prejudice, error, hatred and violence.

Realize to whom you are speaking. From a sampled Friday audience of 50,000 in Providence, R. I., we have the following interesting facts: Less than one in ten is a Protestant churchgoer. Three out of ten are Roman Catholics, and this includes priests. Jews are also represented in proportion to their population. Most of the listeners are not related to any church, but the great body of loyal listeners are men and women who make up the stable citizenship of our nation.

Knowing your listeners, talk their language. A sermon is not an opportunity for me to parade my knowledge. It is a vehicle or conveyance for the Good News. I don't need to tell you not to talk down to a radio audience. Condescension on your part will draw a sea of hands to as many dials, and you will be promptly traded for a song from the "Hit Parade" or a "Hill-billy." Most ministers whom I have observed are inclined to err on the other side—they reveal too much learning.

● *The Place of Theology and the Bible*

Broadcast ideas, not words. Know your theology, but do not parade it. There are times when radio addresses on theology and philosophy are in order, but they must be clearly marked as such. Do not deliver theological dissertations when you are asked to broadcast the Good News. It is as essential that you know your Systematics, as that a chef know his cookbook. But when you go into a restaurant, you do not want a lecture on recipes; you want food! Jesus' theology is largely implied. He spent his time serving the bread of life. People judge the recipe by the food.

Draw on your listeners' experiences. Do as Jesus did. He abandoned the holy tone and the obscure phrase for words like vineyard, corn, birds, flowers, parents, children, love,

ate, forgive, boats, nets, fish, prayer nd sin.

Use your Bible, but do it naturally. f you will avoid using it argumentatively, you will discover that it carries remendous weight. Except in a formal church service, I never say, "Hear what the Scripture saith." The ame applies to prayer. Prayers, short mes, are in order, but just imagine ourself indulging in long flowing, lowery language while your listener s jamming his brakes at a stop signal r red light.

Preach to a need. The man who s not aware of the world's need and he individual's need is not qualified o preach. The Good News is essenially an answer to life's cries. Injustice, poverty, cruelty and selfishness reveal fundamental needs. Failure, disease, misfortune, sorrow and death reveal others. Among the most common I would list the craving for beauty, love and forgiveness.

● *Social Ideas, but Based on Religion*

Do not imagine that your listeners are ready for your refined and advanced social ideas. Most of them are unable to cope with the claims of personal idealism, and some will not even admit them. You must arouse your listeners to personal responsibility before you can get action or even conviction on social responsibility. And you must do both in a very few minutes. I have a letter from a man who says that his whole social outlook began to change after hearing a talk one morning that ended with a simple appeal to "be a man and do your share."

Present the basic elements in religion. You must establish the relationship between man and God. Most people do not see it. God is available! You can tell people how to reach him. That's news. Good News!

● *Preach Out of Your Own Life*

I am assuming here that you know how to pray. That you are in personal touch with God; that you are getting guidance in your own life and in your work. I am assuming that what you have to say is based not on the hope that it is true, or the wish it were so, but on experiments made in the laboratory of your own life. You cannot give them what you do not have. A rumor is not news. Only that which is authenticated should be broadcast. If you have nothing to report, don't bluff.

Put handles on your ideas, so people can catch them, and hold on to them. The first task of any lesson is to get itself remembered. If it's not worth remembering, it's not worth saying. Jesus had a remarkable way of getting his ideas remembered. He used simile, metaphor, parable and paradox. To teach the fatherhood of God and the basic ideas of repentance and forgiveness, he told the story of the prodigal son. That story is a handle. Anyone can grasp it.

● *What Broadcasting Companies Ask*

A practical suggestion needs to be made from the point of view of the broadcasting company. The present arrangement for the National Vespers and the Radio Pulpit, under the supervision of the Federal Council of Churches, and similar programs for the Catholics and Jews, was necessitated by the uncontrolled utterances of irresponsible persons. The broadcasting companies agreed to cooperate liberally with time, if the denominational groups would choose responsible persons to represent the great faiths.

The management of any station has a right to expect that: you will state your own case without denouncing everyone else; you will not violate good taste or become indecent; you will start and stop on time—it hurts the station more than it hurts you, to cut you off; you will use good talent (if you do not have acceptable singers, ask the program director for some transcribed organ music).

It is obvious that everything I have said about "broadcasting the Good News" is equally true whether your listeners are in the pews before you, or at home in their easy chairs. My experience has led me to plan my campaign to gain certain main objectives.

● *Make Listeners Aware of Their Need*

Your listeners know they are lonely, dissatisfied with their lot, confused, impotent before obstacles, afraid of poverty, ashamed of themselves, unhappy! But they do not know what they need. You do. You have it, and can give it to them. That's Good News.

Perspective clarifies our sense of need. Your Good News will bring them a divine dissatisfaction. Most lives fail because people are content to be merely decent when they might be aggressively good.

Only religion is big enough to include everybody and take in eternity. National allegiance is good, but it is not big enough to claim a man's highest loyalties, because it is local. Eventually every man will have experiences of life and death that are bigger than his nation. He doesn't know this. Tell him about it! Economic systems are means to an end, but they too are inadequate for all of life.

● *Make Plain the Way to God*

Show your listeners how to hear God and get guidance. Teach them to pray. Over the radio? Certainly. Most people will admit that God has general supervision over this universe, but they deny personal and specific direction. They do not know how to listen to God, though they are expert in telling him how to run this world.

The accumulated spiritual wisdom of the ages brings God's voice to me—through the ideals, hopes and dreams of all people, and most important of all, through that inexplicable collection of them, the Bible.

But the most important method God has of talking to me is direct communication. Its various forms may be the crude condemnation of conscience, the sense of inner light, inspiration or the high luminous moment. The important thing for me is to realize that God can and does guide me—that is, if I will permit myself to be guided.

This is Good News. I have witnessed it, now I can tell about it. Certainly *you* can find God. And God will talk with you.

Repentance, surrender, the acceptance of God's will and the realization of forgiveness are vital parts of a religious experience. To broadcast effectively, you must make these real to your listeners without using words and phrases that may have content for you, but are meaningless to them. Holy Spirit, Kingdom of God and Atonement are empty sounds on the air. *Preach repentance*—and do not leave out *restitution.*

● *Preach Brotherhood, Not Doctrines*

Make Christian brotherhood and love more than mere doctrines or ideals. Get under people's skins. Try introducing the subject with the sobering reminder that the folks you don't like, don't like you. Somebody has to start forgiving if the vicious circle is to be broken.

Before you set forth your solution of the race problem, open your listeners' souls with a human interest story that gets their sympathy on your side. If you make the right approach you can deal with war, poverty and unemployment—that is, if you have "Good News" about their solution.

The world suffers from hatred, war, injustice, poverty, disease, sin and death. Humanity is on a cross. Listen! You can hear its cries in the silence of any night. Christ symbolizes that suffering—a man on a cross, dying for the sins of the whole world. I must help to take him down. I am trying to take rusting nails from bleeding feet. Now you come, crying: "News! News! God sent his son with a message. God did not send his son to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved!"

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

AFTER serving for five years as director of religious activities and teacher of philosophy and religion at Iowa State Teachers College, Rev. HAROLD A. BOSLEY went to Baltimore, Md., three years ago to become minister of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church. He is a graduate of Nebraska Wesleyan University and has his B.D. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Chicago. He is the author of *The Quest for Religious Certainty*. His sermon published in this issue was preached at the University of Chicago.

Rev. HOWARD A. VERNON *is a graduate* of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He has held pastorates in Cincinnati, Norwalk and Cleveland, Ohio, Minneapolis, Minn., and is at present minister of the Englewood Baptist Church, Chicago. He is a member of the Council on Interchange between British and American Preachers, having preached in England and Scotland during several summers. Mr. Vernon has ministered in Chicago for ten years and has recently been elected to the presidency of the Chicago church federation.

Having served as associate minister of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church (now Christ Church), New York city, for two years, Rev. RALPH W. SOCKMAN was named as its minister in 1917 and he still leads the activities of that great church. Dr. Sockman is widely known for his radio broadcasts.

Rev. CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL *received his* later education at Duke University and Harvard College. He was ordained in the Methodist Church in 1908. Among his pastorates were those at Gatesville and Dallas, Texas; Washington, D. C.; Memphis, Tenn.; Birmingham, Ala., and Epworth Church in Oklahoma City. Since 1936 he has ministered at St. Luke's Church, Oklahoma City. The latest of his many books is *Faces About the Cross*.

For the past thirty-two years Rev. JOHN RAY EWERS has ministered at East End Christian Church, Pittsburgh. Earlier pastorates were at Buffalo, Bowling Green, Ohio, Chicago, and Youngstown. Mr. Ewers received his A.B. at Hiram College and his B.D. at the University of Chicago. He has been a member of the Housing Commission of Pittsburgh. For many years he has been a staff correspondent of the *Christian Century* and has been one of the editors of the *Twentieth Century Quarterly* since its beginning twenty-three years ago.

Rev. HOBART D. MCKEEHAN *has been* minister at the Abbey Church in Huntington, Pa., since 1924. He was graduated from the Reformed Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa., and has B.D. and S.T.M. degrees from Lincoln-Jefferson University; he pursued postgraduate studies at Oxford.

Rev. ANDREW G. FINNIE *is minister of* the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

Rev. ALLEN E. CLAXTON *is minister of* Broadway Temple (Methodist Church), New York city.

TITLES AND TEXTS — What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

WILLIAM E. BROOKS, First Presbyterian, Morgantown, W. Va. "Again, the Shadow of the Cross." Matt. 10:38—"He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me."

CHARLES K. IMBRIE, First Presbyterian, Newburgh, N. Y. "The Economics of Jesus." Matt. 6:33—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

LAWRENCE LARROWE, First Methodist, Springfield, Vt. "Stepping Up Production." I Thess. 4:10 and II Cor. 9:8—". . . but we beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more . . . that ye . . . may abound to every good work."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .
Title of sermon

. . . . . .
Text used (write out the text)

. . . . . .
Name of minister

. . . . . .
Name of church

. . . . . .
Address

DAVID MCKEITH, Asylum Hill Congregational, Hartford, Conn. "The Church in Today's World." Psalm 20:7—"Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

TALMAGE C. JOHNSON, First Baptist, Kinston, N. C. "The Fallacy of Democracy." James 4:7—"Submit yourselves therefore to God."

WILLIAM T. LYTLE, Ben Avon United Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa. "What Is Wrong With the Salt?" Matt. 5:13—"Ye are the salt of the earth: but if salt becomes insipid, what can make it salt again?" (Moffatt)

PERCY P. ZIEMANN, James St. Baptist, Hamilton, Ont. "Hinges of History." I Sam. 17:29—"What have I done? Is there not a cause?"

ROLAND J. WEISSER, First Baptist, Bordentown, N. J. "New Visions in Old Places." Matt. 22:10b—". . . go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me."

JOSEPH B. MOHR, Cedar Lutheran, Allentown, Pa. "A Censored Gospel." II Cor. 4:3, 4—"Even if my gospel is veiled, it is only veiled in the case of the perishing; there the god of this world has blinded the minds of unbelievers, to prevent their seeing the light thrown by the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the likeness of God."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

THE MONTH of February 1941 will be memorable in American annals for the focusing of the total national attention upon the question of America's participation in the war. The President put the issue squarely up to Congress in a bill which would give him power to take us into the war. This bill has preoccupied the mind of the whole country, to the virtual exclusion of all other matters. I do not believe our national attention has ever before been so concentrated. As we approached other wars, the decision was more or less crystallized by specific events—the firing on Fort Sumter, the sinking of the Maine, the unrestricted submarine warfare of von Tirpitz. But no such incident has occurred to precipitate a decision in the present issue. The country and Congress have had breathing time to consider the question in terms of America's duty and destiny. I accepted the invitation of the Senate's foreign relations committee to come to Washington to testify. I am against America's participation in this war. I do not believe it is America's war. And I am against any transfer of the power of decision from Congress to the President. True, the lease-lend bill does not give him power to "declare war," but it does give him a power whose exercise will inevitably create a situation which can be met only by a declaration of war or by the recognition that we are in a state of war. As I read the minds of the senators who favor the bill, I am convinced that they intend by their vote to give their consent to whatever eventuality the President's exercise of his unprecedented powers may bring about.

The Hearings on the President's War Bill

The Book of the Month

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS, *by John Knox. Willett, Clark & Company. $1.00.*

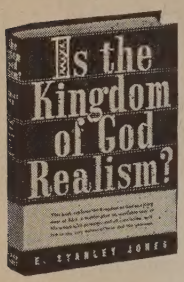
THIS lovely little book comes to me like a God-send. I confess that for nearly ten years I have been deeply troubled about what scholarship seemed to be doing to the historical Jesus. I was fearful that criticism was taking the Person of Jesus out of history, leaving us only a shadowy, not to say a ghostly figure, which it called the "spiritual Christ," in the place of the man who walked the roads of Palestine, and actually talked to people in the Galilean villages and the temple court of Jerusalem—and talked as the Gospels say he talked. Now comes a New Testament scholar who sets the living Jesus of history before me again with a vividness and beauty which allays all my fears. Professor John Knox, of the University of Chicago, is a scholar with a preacher's heart in him. He knows his stuff—if you will let me use that expression—but he sees through his stuff. Through all the materials and techniques of the most advanced criticism he sees the man Christ Jesus. The Man was not the backward projection of the communal experience of the church. The church did not create Jesus: Jesus created the church—or, more accurately, God created the church through him. In some respects, the author admits, scholarship has reduced our knowledge of the actual man. But this same scholarship, says Dr. Knox, has also greatly enriched our knowledge of the historical Jesus. This is not a technical book. It is addressed both to the critical mind and to the faithful heart. Troubled laymen as well as ministers should read it. You sense the scholar's caution in every sentence, but you also sense the believer's faith. The publishers rightly call attention to the value of this book for the Lenten season. But I predict that it will be a perennial classic in the literature of our knowledge of Jesus and of our devotion to him as Lord.

A Thought for the Month

GOD is forever striving to communicate with man. Among his creatures we know of only one who has capacity to understand him. But man not only has capacity to understand a communication from God, he also has freedom. Man's freedom is at once the reason why God yearns to communicate with him and also why it is so difficult to make himself known. God yearns to be known by this free being, because he loves him and because he desires with an infinite yearning to evoke a loving response from him. This is easily understood if we watch a mother with her young child. How infinitely various are the gestures, the strange sounds, the cooing and the ejaculations which she uses to evoke a mere smile on her baby's lips! Her deepest yearning is for her child to reach the point where he will respond to her self-communication with a reciprocal understanding. Thus God yearns to communicate himself to man, who is not only his creature but his child. But man's response must be free—it must be his own response. So God stands at man's door and knocks. How does God knock at man's door? By his word, Christianity answers. But God's words are God's deeds. He has no other language by which to communicate with this freedom-endowed child of his love. Events are God's words. History is God's word. The war is God's word. Suffering is God's word. Good fortune is God's word. Other persons are God's word. The claims of all our social relationships are God's word. God's word spoken by his deed is prevenient in all our experience, and all experience is our response to his word. His is the everlasting initiative; ours is always the response. Christian faith captured this truth in its response to One who moved among us, talked with us about our heavenly Father and, dying on a cross, revealed the very heart of God.

The Word Of God

Charles Clayton Morrison



Abingdon-Cokesbury Good Books

Is the Kingdom of God Realism?

● E. STANLEY JONES

The terrible and tender realism of Jesus' own teachings is vividly interpreted in the pages of this book. The Kingdom of God as a Kingdom of Fact, an all-persuasive and all-inclusive master-plan or workable way of life is here explored; from it is evolved a true science of life, based upon the deeply Christian conjunction of goodness and wisdom.

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Six stirring chapters of tremendous import to both religious and secular leadership in our time, pointing "the sole way to the saving of mankind in this dread hour."—*Dr. John Haynes Holmes.*

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"Here is a stimulating study of the problems of human personality—man as an individual in the necessary framework of society, freedom and its limitations . . . a searching book at more than one point and suggestive at all."—*Expository Times.*

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